

**MARVEL**

**56**

LGY#857

**LAST  
REMAINS  
POST  
MORTEM**

# *the* AMAZING SPIDER-MAN



**SPENCER  
BAGLEY  
DELL  
HENNESSY  
ROSENBERG**



## IN MEMORIAM



PHOTOS COURTESY OF ELIOT R. BROWN

# MIKE HOBSON 1936–2020



*Last month, longtime Marvel Comics Publisher Mike Hobson passed away. In remembrance of his life and work, Mike's friend and colleague Tom DeFalco, former Marvel Editor in Chief, shared his memories of the Marvel luminary.*

Many are the unsung heroes of the comic book industry. These people are the hidden giants who work behind the scenes — without credit, fanfare or fame — but are essential to the creation of your comics. They are people like Mike Hobson.

As a supervisor at Marvel, Mike was the greatest. He encouraged initiative, listened with an open mind and always supported his people. He rarely raised his voice and had a near-magical way of defusing tense situations. (Mixing creative people with those from marketing, sales or accounting is usually a recipe for disaster.)

Mike defined the word “gentleman.” He was refined and soft-spoken, had an infectious laugh and was an intriguing conversationalist, well-versed in a variety of subjects. He knew the best restaurants, the tastiest dishes, the most flavorful wines and the finest hotels. An invitation to dine with Mike was always a treasured event. He was the adult we all wanted to be when we grew up.

Whenever I think of Mike, two occasions spring to mind. One is the very first time Marvel sent me on a business trip by myself. Mike asked to see me before I left. I went to his office with pen and pad, expecting some last-minute business instructions. Instead, he told me to make sure I made lunch and dinner reservations and gave me a list of restaurants.

I also recall sitting in my office one afternoon when a furious Mike burst in.

“Do you know what those two idiots are doing?” He asked.

“Which two idiots?” I responded.

Mike glared at me for a moment and then suddenly exploded in unrestrained laughter. He actually fell into my couch, and it took him several minutes to regain control. It seems two of my editors had stuck a fishing pole out our seventh-floor window with an old Milky Way for bait and were trolling for passersby. While Mike could appreciate the humor in the situation, he felt our editors needed to adhere to a higher standard of professionalism. That was Mike.

Mike Hobson was my boss and my friend. He will be missed.

**Tom DeFalco**  
November 2020





PETER PARKER was bitten by a radioactive spider and gained the proportional speed, strength and agility of a SPIDER, adhesive fingertips and toes, and the unique precognitive awareness of danger called "SPIDER-SENSE"! After the tragic death of his Uncle Ben, Peter understood that with great power there must also come great responsibility. He became the crimefighting super hero called...

# *The Amazing* SPIDER-MAN

## LAST REMAINS *Post-Mortem, Part I*

Norman Osborn, the Green Goblin, has revealed Kindred's identity: He's none other than Norman's son and Peter's old friend Harry Osborn. Harry has been tormenting his old pal as punishment for Peter's "sins," chief among them his failure to ever put an end to Norman's path of destruction.

Peter tried to stop Harry--first with words, then with fists--but Spider-Man was no match for Kindred. He was forced to sit by while Kindred kidnapped Peter's Spider-Friends and lured Mary Jane into his mausoleum lair, where they all playacted a twisted family dinner. Meanwhile, Norman has joined forces with the Kingpin to capture Kindred. Donning his Green Goblin costume, he crashed Kindred's dinner party. A fight ensued, and Mary Jane got caught in the cross fire of a pumpkin bomb!

NICK SPENCER  
*writer*

MARK BAGLEY  
*penciler*



ANDREW HENNESSY and JOHN DELL | inker  
RACHELLE ROSENBERG and EDGAR DELGADO | colorist  
VC's JOE CARAMAGNA | letterer

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MARK BAGLEY, JOHN DELL and RAIN BEREDO;  
PHILIP TAN and SEBASTIAN CHENG | variant cover artists

ANTHONY GAMBINO | designer LINDSEY COHICK | assistant editor  
NICK LOWE | editor C.B. CEBULSKI | editor in chief

SPIDER-MAN created by STAN LEE and STEVE DITKO

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I'VE LAID A PERFECT TRAP. AN UNSUSPECTING YOUNG WOMAN HAS VOLUNTEERED AS A **DIVERSION**. BUT I HAVE NOTHING SUFFICIENT TO TRAP THE DEMON WITH.

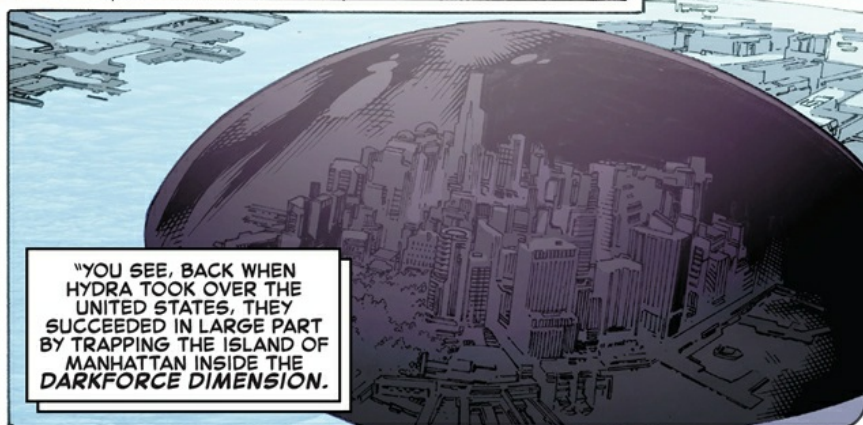
YOU, ON THE OTHER HAND--WELL, I'VE HEARD THE WHISPERS IN THE CABINET MEETINGS... YOUR PROJECT "BLANK."

YES, IT'S BEEN QUITE PROMISING.



WHAT IS THIS? I **RECOGNIZE** HIM. THEY CALL HIM **THE SPOT**.

THE VERY SAME. A SMALL-TIME CRIMINAL, NEVER AMOUNTED TO MUCH, BUT HIS POWERS BECAME A SOURCE OF FASCINATION TO ME. WE'VE MANAGED TO AMPLIFY AND EXTRACT HIS CONNECTION TO THEIR SOURCE.



"YOU SEE, BACK WHEN HYDRA TOOK OVER THE UNITED STATES, THEY SUCCEEDED IN LARGE PART BY TRAPPING THE ISLAND OF MANHATTAN INSIDE THE **DARKFORCE DIMENSION**.



"WHILE MOST OF THE CITY'S SO-CALLED HEROES FELL APART IN THE CHAOS, I **LED**. AND THOSE EFFORTS-- PROTECTING THE VULNERABLE, MANAGING SUPPLIES--



"--LED DIRECTLY TO MY **ELECTION** WHEN NORMALITY WAS RESTORED."

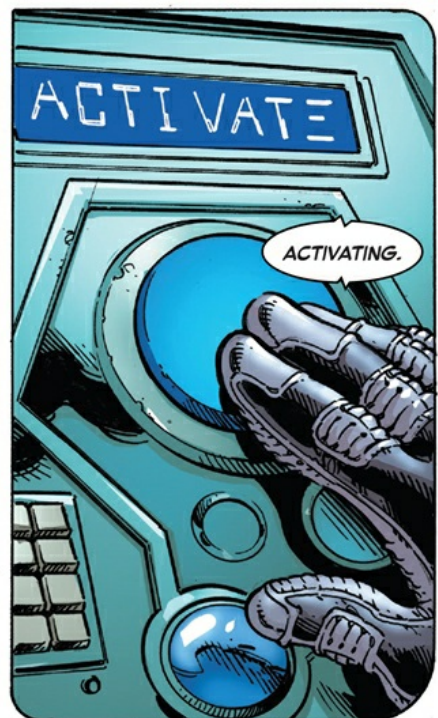
BUT I NEVER FORGOT THE **POWER** OF THAT PLACE. SO MANY POTENTIAL USES--

--**INCARCERATION** BEING PRIME AMONG THEM. YES... YES, I THINK THAT MIGHT WORK QUITE NICELY.



THEN WE HAVE A **DEAL**-- ASSUMING YOU'RE WILLING TO ADHERE TO A FEW **CONDITIONS**. MOST IMPORTANT AMONG THEM--

























REMEMBER  
ME, DEMON?

ONCE, I CAME  
TO YOU WITH A  
**REQUEST**--THE  
THING I YEARNED FOR  
MOST IN THIS LIFE--  
ON BENDED KNEE.  
YOU **REFUSED**  
ME THEN--



--SO NOW  
I COME TO  
YOU WITH THE  
**FIST.**



LET'S SEE HOW  
ACCOMMODATING  
YOU CAN BE **THIS** TIME.  
PREPARE THE RESTRAINTS.  
IT'S TIME TO BEGIN THE  
INTERROGATION.

**NO!**



...OSBORN?

APOLOGIES, MR. MAYOR,  
IT'S JUST--THE RESTRAINTS  
AREN'T READY YET.  
AND BESIDES--

--I LED  
YOU TO HIM.  
I SET THE TRAP  
THAT SNARED  
HIM.



WE HAD  
A DEAL.

















HARRY, PLEASE--  
WE DON'T HAVE  
MUCH TIME. YOU  
HAVE TO LISTEN  
TO ME.



IT'S ME--THE REAL ME.  
I--I'M SO SORRY FOR LYING  
TO YOU BACK AT THE  
CEMETERY, BUT--

--YOU HAVE  
TO BELIEVE ME--  
IT WAS THE  
ONLY WAY.



I HAD HOPED  
THAT WASN'T THE  
CASE. THAT THE RIGHT  
PERSON COULD GET  
THROUGH TO YOU.  
I KNEW IT WASN'T  
ME, BUT--

--THEN I  
HEARD YOU.  
IN THAT MAUSOLEUM.  
AND WHEN I DID--  
I KNEW NOTHING  
WOULD STOP YOU.  
I RECOGNIZED  
THAT VOICE...



...BECAUSE  
IT WAS MY  
OWN.



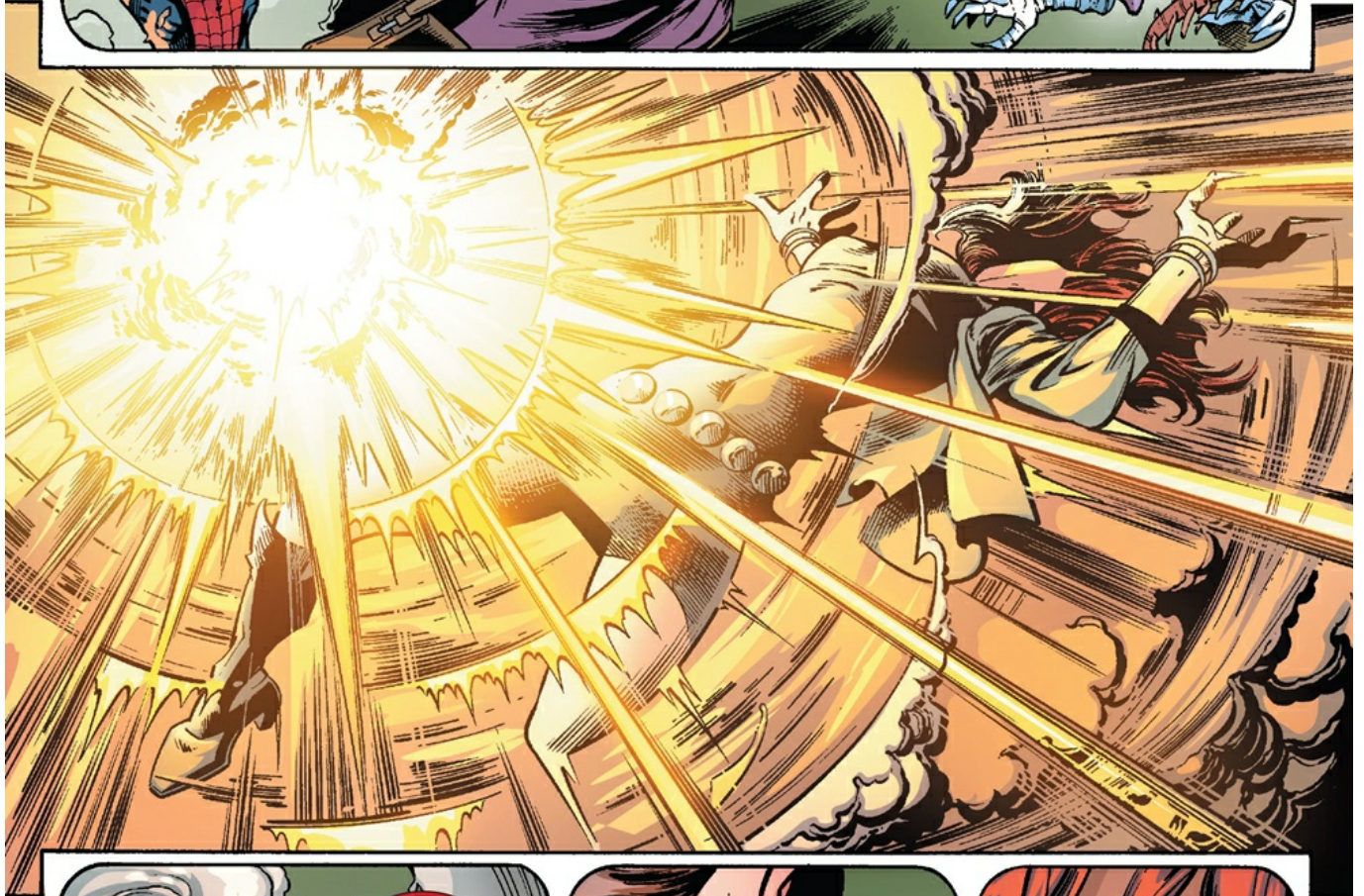
I  
HAD TO TAKE  
PRECAUTIONS,  
HARRY.

THIS RUSE--  
THE DEAL WITH  
FISK--IT WAS  
THE ONLY THING  
I COULD THINK  
OF.

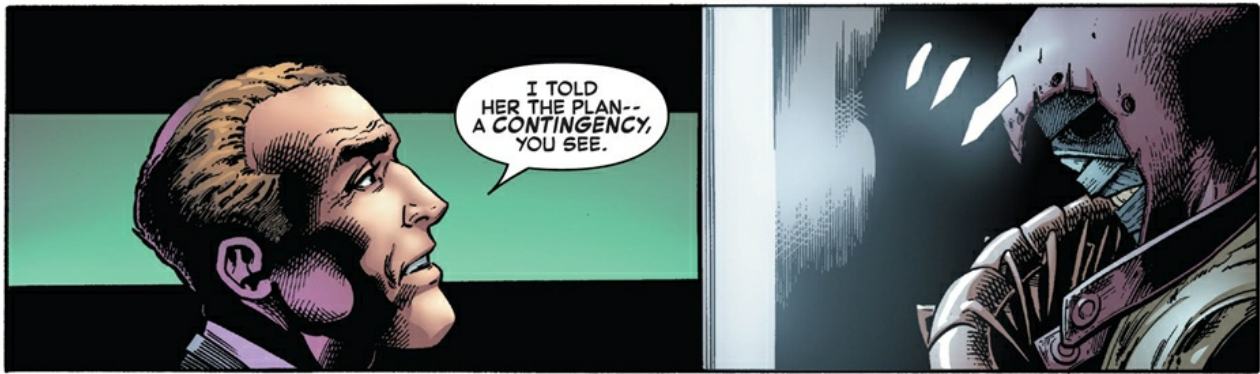


I COULDN'T  
LET YOU HURT  
THEM.









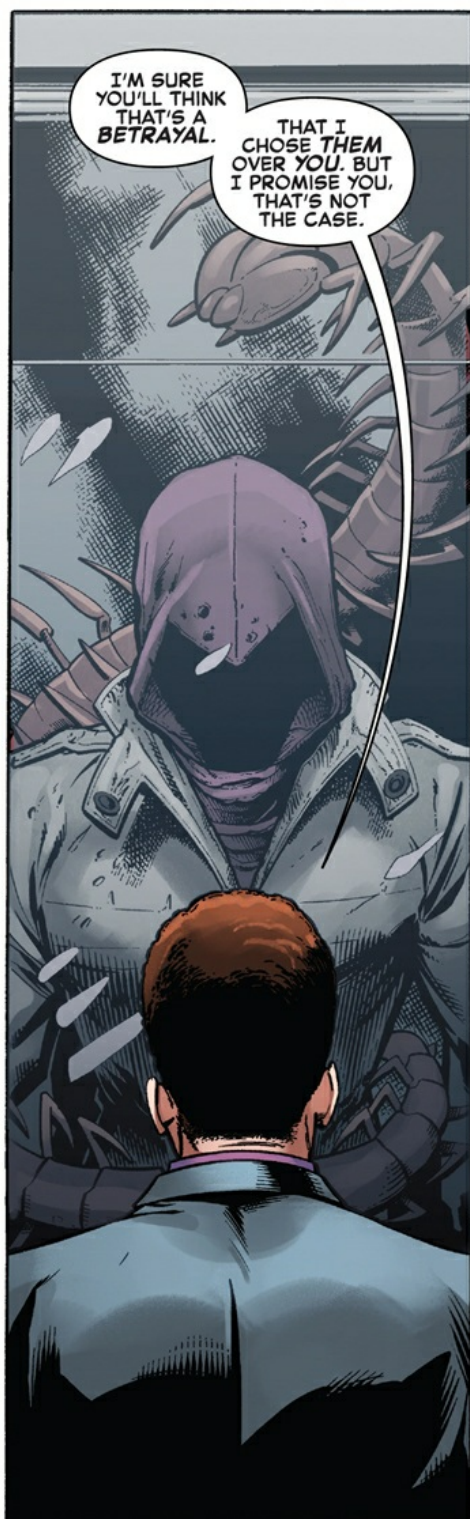












I'M SURE  
YOU'LL THINK  
THAT'S A  
BETRAYAL.

THAT I  
CHOSE *THEM*  
OVER *YOU*. BUT  
I PROMISE YOU,  
THAT'S NOT  
THE CASE.

EVERYTHING  
I DID, I DID  
FOR *YOU*.

YOU BELIEVE  
THAT YOU HAVE  
BECOME THIS *THING*,  
THIS MONSTER  
FROM THE PITS  
OF HELL....



...BUT I KNOW  
MY *SON* IS  
STILL IN THERE  
SOMEWHERE.

AND IF YOU HAD KILLED  
THOSE PEOPLE--THOSE  
*INNOCENTS*--THAT  
PART OF YOU WOULD'VE  
BURIED ITSELF EVEN  
DEEPER DOWN.



I KNOW  
THAT, HARRY,  
BECAUSE I KNOW  
WHAT HAPPENED  
TO *ME*.

I REMEMBER  
WHEN THE STRUGGLE  
TO LOOK MYSELF IN THE  
MIRROR SIMPLY BECAME  
TOO HARD, AND I CHOSE  
TO JUST CHANGE THE  
FACE I SAW.



ALL OF  
THIS IS MY FAULT,  
AND MY FAULT  
ALONE.

I  
BIRTHED THIS...  
*SICKNESS* IN  
YOU.

BUT, SO  
HELP ME GOD--  
I WILL BE THE ONE  
TO *FREE* YOU  
FROM IT.









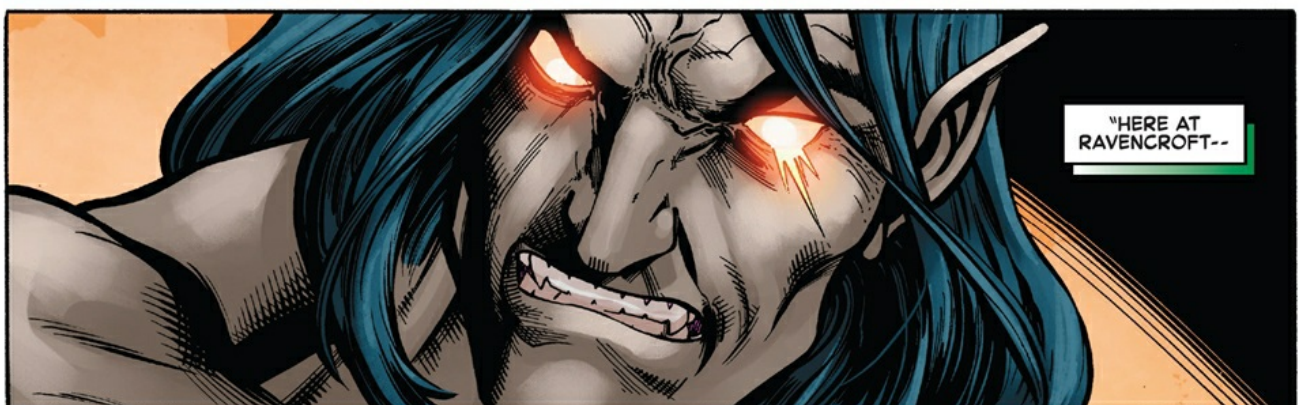
"THE SINS YOUR  
MAN TOOK, THEY  
WERE FREED. AND  
WHEN THEY WERE--



"--THEY  
RETURNED TO  
THEIR ORIGINAL  
HOSTS.

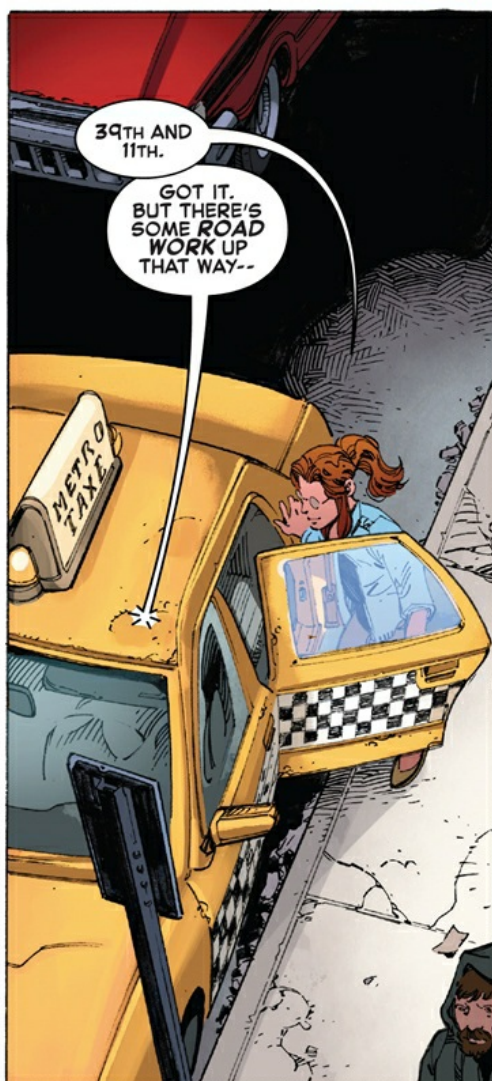


"BRINGING  
CHAOS AND  
DESTRUCTION  
WITH THEM.

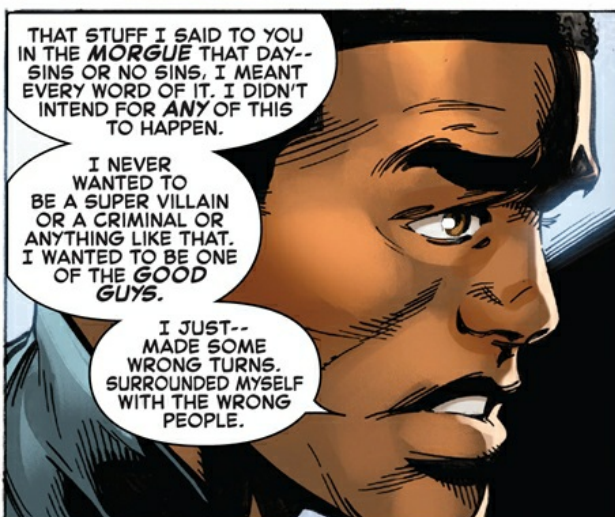


"HERE AT  
RAVENCROFT--













YOU  
SAVED MY  
LIFE.

I  
DIDN'T--

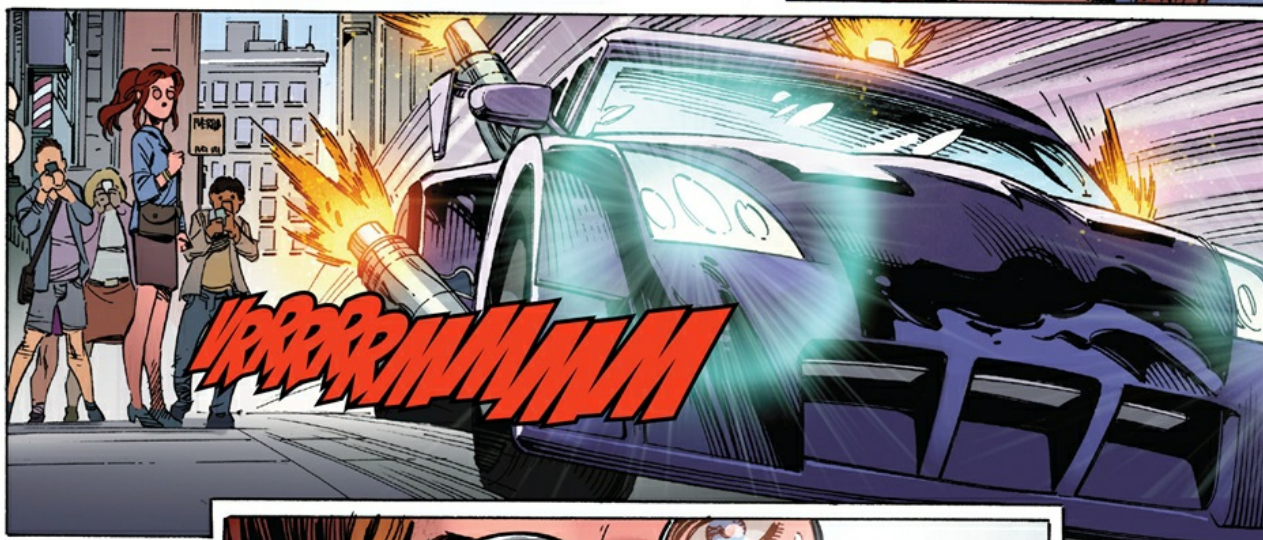
YOU DID.  
AND THEN YOU  
STAYED BY MY SIDE  
IN THAT HOSPITAL  
FOR DAYS. FOR ME,  
SOMEONE YOU DIDN'T  
EVEN KNOW.

SO WHEN  
I WOKE UP, I SAID  
TO MYSELF, IF I'M  
GONNA MAKE THINGS  
RIGHT SOMEHOW--  
AND I AM MAKING THINGS  
RIGHT--THAT'S THE KIND  
OF PERSON I SHOULD  
SURROUND MYSELF  
WITH.

THAT'S  
THE KIND OF  
PERSON I'D LIKE  
TO TAKE TO  
DINNER.



COFFEE.



OH,  
CARLIE--

--THIS IS  
YOUR WORST  
IDEA YET.





THE  
THREE OF US  
COULD GET  
BRUNCH!



AUNT MAY, I  
TOLD YOU--ME  
AND THAT GIRL,  
WE'RE NOT EVEN  
TOGETHER  
ANYMORE.

I THINK.

WELL, ALL  
THESE DELIVERIES  
FROM YOUR MYSTERY  
SWEETHEART BEG  
TO DIFFER.

IF ENOUGH  
ORGANIC CANNED GOODS  
TO KEEP THE F.E.A.S.T.  
CENTER STOCKED FOR A  
YEAR DON'T SAY "I LOVE  
YOU," I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT DOES.



AND  
THESE LITTLE  
NOTES SHE SENDS  
WITH THEM, WITH THE  
LITTLE ARROWS  
THROUGH THE  
HEARTS--

THOSE  
ARE KNIVES.  
I THINK IT'S  
A THREAT.

WELL,  
WE ALL SHOW  
AFFECTION  
DIFFERENTLY--

**KNOCK  
KNOCK  
KNOCK**



OH MY, ANOTHER?  
JUST A  
MINUTE!

**KNOCK  
KNOCK**

?SIGH?  
CAN YOU GET  
THIS ONE? THE  
LAST DELIVERY  
GUYS, SHE MADE  
'EM TRY TO  
SING TO ME.



AND IT WAS  
DELIGHTFUL.  
I LOVE THAT "KISS  
FROM A ROSE"  
SONG.



HI THERE, IF IT'S  
MORE THAN A FEW  
BOXES, WOULD YOU  
MIND BRINGING  
THEM AROUND  
TO THE--



--BACK.

PLEASE--









ALL THESE SINS  
RETURNING TO THEIR  
HOSTS, SEARCHING FOR  
THEIR HOSTS--BUT HERE  
I SIT. **SPARED.**

THERE MUST  
BE SOME REASON,  
SOME **PURPOSE**, IN YOU  
LEAVING ME LIKE THIS.  
AND I CAN'T HELP BUT HOPE  
THAT IT MIGHT BE THE SAME  
REASON I'M STANDING  
HERE NOW.

HARRY,  
WE CAN FINALLY  
BE THE FAMILY WE  
WERE ALWAYS  
**SUPPOSED**  
TO BE!

WE CAN WATCH  
YOUR SONS--MY  
**GRANDCHILDREN!**--  
GROW UP, WITHOUT  
USING THEM AS  
PAWNS IN SOME  
SICK GAME!



WE COULD BUILD  
THINGS AND USE OUR  
TALENTS FOR GOOD--  
**TOGETHER.**

CAN YOU  
IMAGINE?  
REDEEM THE  
NAME OSBORN.  
ONCE AND  
FOR ALL.



BUT IT HAS TO START WITH THE  
END OF **THIS**. YOU'RE SICK, HARRY.  
BUT THIS PLACE--RAVENCROFT--  
IT MEANS I HAVE THE RESOURCES  
AND THE MEANS TO HELP YOU  
GET BETTER.

AS YOU  
HELPED ME,  
LET ME HELP YOU  
NOW. PLEASE--



--IF YOU WOULD JUST TALK TO ME,  
I KNOW WE COULD FIND A WAY  
TO OVERCOME THIS.

SON,  
**PLEASE--**  
I KNOW YOU  
CAN HEAR  
ME...



?SIGH?



THERE'S  
SO MUCH ABOUT  
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO  
YOU THAT I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND.

I JUST  
KEEP THINKING  
ABOUT THE LAST  
THING YOU SAID  
TO US--





OH,  
GOOD--



--WE'RE  
FINALLY  
ALONE.



THIS IS ALL I EVER  
REALLY WANTED,  
YOU KNOW.



THE THREE  
OF US TOGETHER.  
ME, MY FATHER,  
AND MY BEST  
FRIEND.

SOUNDS  
LIKE THE START  
OF A BAD JOKE.  
BUT THEN--



--I GUESS  
IT WAS.

I'M SORRY.  
I KNOW THIS HAS BEEN  
HARD. ON ALL OF US. BUT  
I NEEDED YOU TO SUFFER.  
LIKE I DID. THAT'S THE  
ONLY WAY YOU CAN SEE  
THE TRUTH.



THE  
ONLY WAY YOU'LL  
REMEMBER WHAT  
YOU DID.





PETE, I KNEW  
IF I JUST CAME AFTER  
YOU, OR THE PEOPLE YOU  
LOVED, YOU'D MAKE IT  
ANOTHER CHANCE  
TO PLAY HERO.

I NEEDED  
TO SHOW YOU THAT  
YOU ARE THE CAUSE OF  
THEIR SUFFERING. WITH  
YOUR SANCTIMONY AND  
YOUR HUBRIS, ALWAYS  
MAKING EVERYTHING  
WORSE.



AND YOU,  
DAD--

WELL,  
I KNEW THE  
GOBLIN WOULD  
NEVER LET YOU  
FEEL PAIN. SO I  
HAD TO TAKE  
HIM AWAY.

NOW  
PAIN IS  
ALL YOU  
ARE.



I THOUGHT  
IF I DID ALL THAT, IT  
WOULD GET THROUGH  
TO YOU BOTH, BUT YOU  
CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER.  
THAT'S HOW POWERFUL  
THE LIES ARE.

SO, THIS  
IS WHERE WE  
START. YOU'RE  
GOING TO LEAVE  
HERE AND TRY TO  
UNRAVEL ALL  
OF THIS.

AND AS  
YOU DIG  
DEEPER AND  
DEEPER, YOU'LL  
FIND IT...



THE  
TRUTH YOU'VE  
BEEN RUNNING  
FROM.



I--I  
LOVED YOU  
BOTH SO  
MUCH...



WHY  
DID YOU  
DO THIS  
TO ME?











A full-page comic book illustration of Spider-Man. He is shown from the waist up, leaning forward with his right hand clenched into a fist and pointing towards the viewer. His left hand is also clenched into a fist, positioned slightly behind his right. He is wearing his iconic red and blue suit with white web patterns. The background is a shattered window or glass barrier, with jagged pieces of glass floating in the air. A bright, glowing light source is visible through the broken glass, creating a dramatic silhouette effect on Spider-Man. In the bottom left foreground, a large, dark, gloved hand is reaching out towards the viewer, partially obscuring the lower part of Spider-Man's legs. A speech bubble is located in the upper left corner, containing the text "YOU AND I NEED TO TALK." The overall color palette is dominated by dark blues, greys, and the red of Spider-Man's suit, with a bright white and yellow light source in the background.

YOU  
AND I NEED  
TO TALK.

**TO BE  
CONTINUED!**



NEXT:



Issue #57

Let us know how we're doing! Drop us a line at [SPIDEYOFFICE@MARVEL.COM](mailto:SPIDEYOFFICE@MARVEL.COM)!  
Be sure to mark it "Okay to print"!